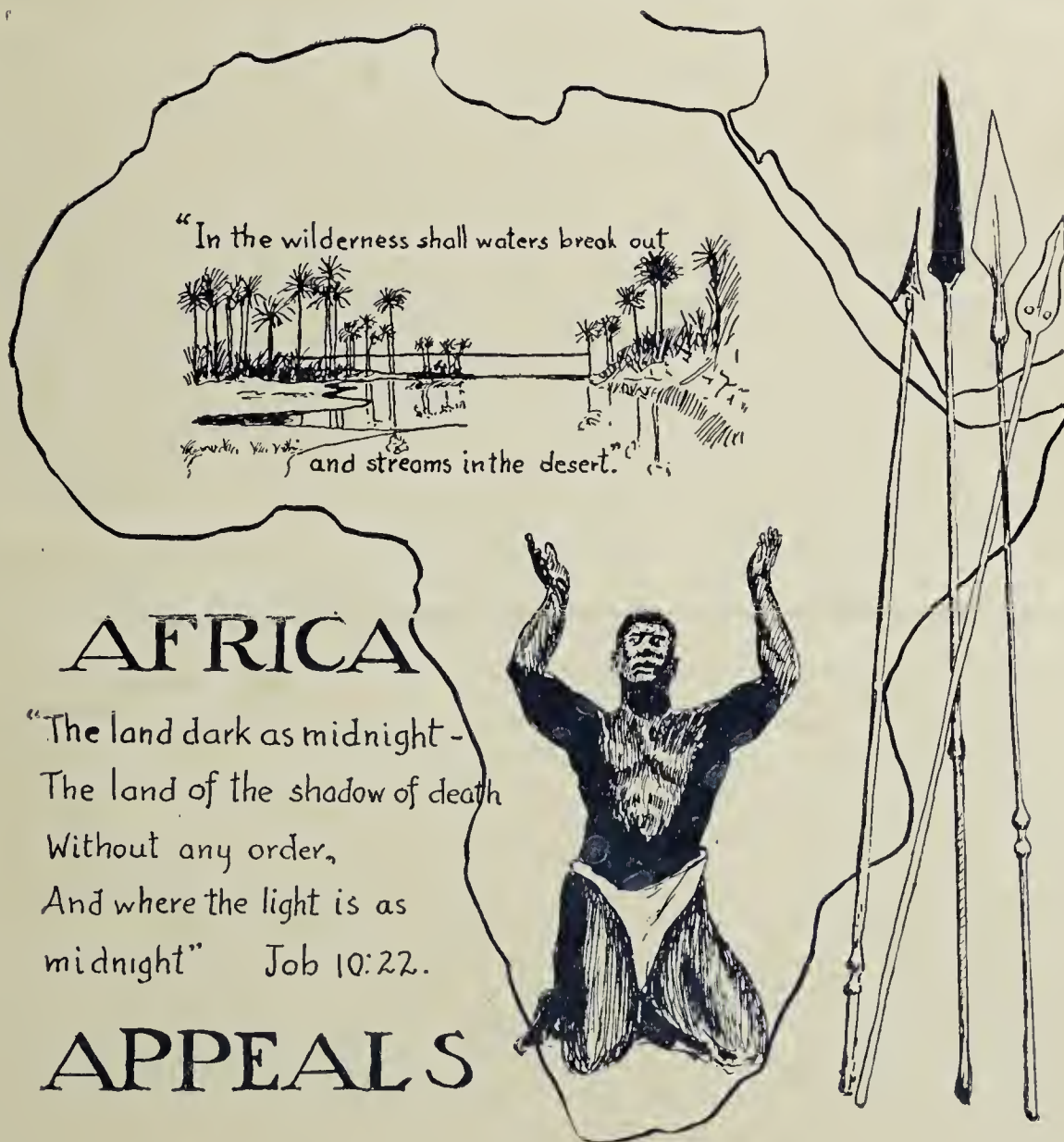


BULLETIN
of the
Training School for Missionaries

393 Third Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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AFRICA APPEALS

There are tribes to-day still in the darkness of savagery (shame to the Christian Church be it said), who have only heard the Gospel once and that from the lips of Livingstone 50 to 60 years ago. He might still cry as he wrote in one of his letters, "Oh! when shall the time come in which every man that feels the heat of the sun shall be freed from all other fetters but bonds of love to our Savior."

Next to Palestine, Africa is the land most closely connected with the Hebrew race. It was the valley of the Nile that cradled that race in its infancy and in a peculiar way befriended Jacob, Joseph, Moses and Jeremiah.

It is interesting to remember that Africa sheltered our Lord in His infancy. That it was an African who carried His cross when He fell beneath its weight on the way to Calvary.

Two Africans, Simeon and Lucius, were prominent amongst the prophets and teachers in the first missionary church. In the church at Antioch, Appollos, mighty in the Scriptures and well recommended by the apostle Paul, was a man of Alexandria. Dwellers in Egypt and parts about Cyrene were present at Pentecost. No doubt many of them carried back to Africa the news of God visiting His people and the descent of the Holy Spirit.

Within 200 years after Pentecost, 900 churches flourished in North Africa. For some centuries Christianity spread over North Africa going down the Nile into the Soudan.

How little you knew of the African puzzle is seen when it leaks out that the very name ("Africa") is utterly unknown to the negro. Africa! He never heard such a hideous word. It is a mere tag, a mere ticket stuck on the back of this poor Continent, by outsiders. A straw indicates the current, and if we know not the name, then we know less of the nature of black place and black person, of black man and blacker manners. A perfect parable this of Africa, the land, and the African, the man.

—*"Thinking Black."*

Africa is the second largest continent on the globe, Asia alone being greater. It is three times larger than Europe and one and one-half times larger than either North or South America.

It has been called the "dark continent" and we may suggest three reasons for this. 1st—Africa until the 19th century was the one continent whose vast interior as far as geographical certainties were concerned lay in impenetrable darkness. It is difficult for us to realize that the opening up of this land lies just a brief decade or so away. Stanley's journey down the Nile only being completed in 1877. Livingstone's great work was also about this time.

It is the dark continent because further its native population consists almost entirely of dark skinned peoples. It has a population of over 130 millions, 40 millions of whom are pure negroes.

But the saddest reason for calling Africa the "dark continent" lies in the fact that it is the only continent whose native religion is without sacred writings of any kind, and no definite knowledge of God and the true religion. Religions are found there but their adherents are wandering in the blackness of darkness of heathendom such as is found nowhere else in the world.

As a result of missionary activity there are possibly a million and a half adherents of Christianity, but as we consider the large population

of this continent we deem it would be true to say that Africa is still the dark continent and practically untouched by the gospel.

Africa can well be called "the spoiled child of nature" for throughout much of the continent nature has been lavishly kind to the African. She feeds him without much effort—she clothes him with tropical sunshine and if necessity needed clothes she would dress him with leaves and bark which lie at hand to provide this for him.

What Captain Rendel Short says of Central Africa is true to a large extent of the whole of Africa. "Central Africa at the beginning of the last quarter of the 19th century was very little known in spite of the journeys of Dr. Livingstone and others. It was divided up into areas varying in size from a mere village with its fields to a great Empire as large as Ireland, under the absolute rule of a chief, small or large. The people would be partly free, partly slaves. The men fought and hunted; the women did the hard work in the village and in the fields. It is a curious thing that nearly all the cultivated foodstuffs had been introduced by Europeans such as Maize, sweet potatoes, pineapples, tomatoes, oranges and lemons, chilli, pepper, etc. There was considerable trade to and from the Coast in guns, rum, powder, ivory, slaves and cloth. There was no money, cloth, salt and the above mentioned articles fulfilled the purpose. The languages were not reduced to writing.

War was the natural state of the country. One savage tribe after another had risen against its neighbors and all but exterminated them. The villages were hung 'round with human skulls on poles. A man's reputation in his country depended on the number of persons he had put to death. Another custom that took a frightful toll of human life depended on the belief that there is no such thing as natural sickness and that illness and death are always somebody's fault, brought about by witchcraft. When anyone became ill or died, the fetish doctor would be called in and he would indicate by divining the guilty party. The accused would then be compelled to thrust his hands into a pot of boiling water; if the skin came off he was condemned to a cruel death; if it did not, he was adjudged innocent.

Polygamy, immorality and drunkenness were rife. Though there was a dim belief in a far-away God—the native who had barely escaped from the jaws of a crocodile would utter the time honored prayer, "O Lord God, the crocodiles nearly made a meal of me, but Thou, O Lord didst deliver me"—in practice, the religion was a worship of spirits and demons inhabiting every conspicuous natural object."

THE VOICE

"The toms-toms thudded straight on all night, and the darkness shuddered round me as a living, feeling thing. I could not go to sleep so lay awake and looked; and this is what I seemed to see:

"That I stood on a grassy sward, and at my feet a precipice broke sheer down into infinite space. I looked, but saw no bottom, only great cloud shapes black and furious, coiled and great shadow-shrouded hollows and unfathomable depths. Back I drew, dizzy at the depth. Then I saw forms of people moving single file along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another child holding on to her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step—it trod air. She was over and the children with her.

OH! THE CRY AS THEY WENT OVER

"Then I saw more streams of people flowing from all quarters. All were blind, stone blind; all made straight for the precipice's edge. Then I wondered with a wonder that was simply agony why no one stopped them at the edge. Then I saw that along the edge there were sentries at intervals; but the intervals were far too great; there were wide, unguarded gaps between, and through these gaps the people fell in blindness, quite unwarned; and the green grass seemed blood-red to me and the great gulf yawned like the mouth of hell.

"Then I saw like a little picture of peace, a group of people under some trees, with their backs turned towards the gulf. They were making some daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them it disturbed them and they thought it rather a vulgar sound. If one of their number started up and wanted to go and do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down.

"Why should YOU get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go! You have not finished your daisy chain yet. 'It would be really selfish' they said, 'to leave us to finish the work alone.'

"Then came another sound like the pain of a million hearts wrung out in one full drop, one sob, and a horror of great darkness was upon me, for I knew what it was—the cry of blood.

"Then thundered a voice, the voice of the Lord; and He said, 'What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground.'"

—Selected.

THE SOUDAN

The vast Soudan, three thousand miles from Abbysinia to the Atlantic and containing a population of possibly 25,000,000 of people untouched by European civilization and but until recently containing not a single mission station.

This vast territory is throughout in almost utter darkness. These millions are now being evangelized by Mohammedan teachers and preachers and unless some effort is made to stop the onrush of Islam they will all become Mohammedans.

The menace which broods over Soudan is one that threatens the whole of Africa as a thunder cloud the sunlight over a summer landscape. The Mohammedan trader protected by European powers may now travel anywhere in safety. His coming brings to the natives, undreamed of prosperity of wealth by profitable exchange. To the men comes beads and implements, to the women cotton goods and trinkets.

When we remember that every Mohammedan trader is a missionary and that close on his heels comes a Mohammedan teacher, we will be able to measure the peril which threatens the Soudan and through the Soudan the whole of Africa.

To many ignorant of the real character of Mohammedanism, conversion from paganism to Islam may seem a step forward. It is said to be a substitution of belief in God for worship of evil spirits. It is true it is a worship of a god—Allah, they call him, but he is not Jehovah of the Bible, or the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mohammedanism is not merely non-Christian, it is anti-Christian, A Pagan

accepting Islam is practically lost to Christ, his mind is poisoned and his heart is closed to the gospel.

It has been said that for every Moslem accepting Christ there are at least 100 Pagans becoming Mohammedans.

This is a situation we may well notice and it may not be out of place to insert here a recent letter from Mr. Hewstone who is our only representative in the Soudan and who has only recently entered one of the provinces in that great territory. "Bagana is a riverine town with a very mixed population, all speaking Hausa, and to a large extent Moslem. We do not expect to stay very long, but hope to meet the Resident there for he has offered to come two days' journey to see us as soon as we arrive. Ten miles inland is the head town of the Amara District of Igaras, 30 miles further is Ankpa, the head town of the Igaras Province or Division. This Province has been a source of trouble to the Government for a long time back. It looks as though they were going to make a test case of whether or not the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to the Igaras, Okpotos and Moslems. It makes us feel our weakness and insufficiency but praise God, He is strong and He is sufficient. The Secretary of the Missionary Society at Ibi says, "Upon the success of your mission lies the fate of Missions in general in the Western Soudan. There is more closed territory in Nigeria today than there was ten years ago, and who knows if it may be God's way of opening this whole land to the gospel before the Lord comes?"

"While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of Heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you, were meant by Him to keep you out of the Foreign Mission Field."

—Ion Keith Falconer.

CENTRAL AFRICA

This stretch of inland Africa has well been named "The Beloved Strip." Beloved because of the precious dust that lies in it. We with others have given our best to Africa that she may see the truth of our Lord's word "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." Freely and lavishly has life been laid down that Africa may live. Those graves-mute appeals of love-giving until love dies, gives us a mortgage on Africa, for our dead lie there and we must continue the work so nobly begun.

Nothing can better describe conditions that have been met and conquered by the heroic band of our missionaries than to quote from a recent writer some of the experiences of F. S. Arnot who was the pioneer worker in Central Africa.

"He stayed at chief Liwanika's from December, 1882, to May, 1884, and a very trying time it was. The Barotse valley was thoroughly unhealthy and much of the time he was prostrated with fevers or blinded by eye troubles. Supplies were very short—indeed, it is difficult to understand what he did live on. The people were horribly cruel; just opposite his hut the boiling pot used to be set up almost daily for trials of witchcraft. Every now and then he was flooded out. The people were not at all anxious to hear the gospel and Liwanika was changeable, now friendly, now hostile. The diary, nevertheless, is full of hope and confidence in God. Though the in-

strument and means be the feeblest blessing will come.' It was at this period that Sir Ralph Williams met him first at Victoria Falls, and wrote the following tribute: 'Mr. Arnot, the missionary, was a remarkable man, I met him some weeks later and had many talks with him. He was the simplest and most earnest of men. He lived a life of great hardship under the care of the King of the Barotse and taught his children. I remember his telling me with some pride that his pupils mastered the alphabet. I have seen many missionaries under varied circumstances, but such an absolutely forlorn man, existing on from day to day, almost homeless, without any of the appliances which make life bearable, I have never seen. He was imbued with one desire, and that was to do God service, and I have honored the recollections of him ever since as being as near his Master as anyone I ever saw.'

There are now 19 stations manned by 80 workers in this beloved strip of Central Africa. Dr. Fischer writing recently in the "Witness" very clearly presents the needs of this great mission field.

"In a stretch of country a thousand miles long by five hundred broad, six different languages have been reduced to writing and the gospel preached and to-day most of those won for Christ are saved through the instrumentality of the native Christian. But these "lambs" need feeding and tending, and how best to meet this need is the problem of our mission work to-day.

SPIRITUALLY—

The Christian can never be strong and evangelize these countries until the whole Word of God is translated into these six languages—Umbundu, Chokwe, Lwena, Lunda, Luba and Vemba; and our stations need more workers so that those specially fitted may be set free for this all-important work. Those manifesting special gifts among the native Christians need special instruction; and to meet this need a Bible School is a necessity in each of these six languages.

INTELLECTUALLY—

To meet the growing demand of Christians in isolated districts out-schools are a necessity and godly married Christian natives must be trained for this important work and visited constantly in their out-schools.

The printing of the Scriptures and school books as well as the editing of Bible stories and monthly magazines for the Christians, demand at least one gifted worker in each of the above mentioned languages.

MEDICALLY—

Isolated Christians, having given up their fetish practices, are in a dilemma how to act in times of sickness, and their medical needs must be met.

The establishment of a hospital, with two doctors and two nurses in each country—Bie, Chokwe, Lwena, Lunda, Luba and Vemba—would meet this need, for it would then be possible for native Christians to be trained as nurses and dispensers, who when qualified could be sent into outlying districts to open dispensaries which would be periodically visited by one of the doctors.

The need is great but "with God nothing is impossible."

"Christ and Christ alone reaches the centre of African needs."

To pass over this part of the country without a reference to the slave trade would be to ignore a question that ought to stir every Christian heart into earnest definite prayer that this, the world's great open sore may be healed.

One of our missionaries writes as follows:

"An hour ago I could not have trusted myself to write of harrowing sights. A monster caravan, eight hundred all told, drawing near the close of its long journey from the far-off Luba country. This travelling mass had been months on the road and was just emerging from the ten days' hungry march. There were aged men and women, poor, shrivelled forms told of a welcome release soon for them from the mortal coil; mothers with babes on their backs (one just born that morning) and tall, strong-looking young women and girls, some of them with fine features, carrying heavy loads. One of these had fallen behind, seemingly quite helpless with no more strength left for her load, I just appeared on the scene to see her inhuman owner beat her unmercifully on the head with a club. Saddest sight of all were the scores of little children crawling along naked, many of them not above four years of age. No wonder they flee when one would smile at them, for after all it is the white man who buys the slaves."

OUR WORKERS THERE—

Out from us have gone into that needy field twenty six workers, five of whom we have had the privilege of having in the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs from the Austin assembly in Chicago, are at work in Natal at Izingolweni station. Mr. Gibbs writes recently that at one of their conventions held a month ago or so 20 or more young people confessed Christ. They have completed a new hall holding 200 people. They have six out stations and a growing aggressive work is being carried on.

Mrs. McLaren now settled with her husband at Kasai is hard at work with the language helping in the work of that station in Chokweland.

Mr. McJannet has at last reached his station also in Chokweland and we await word with interest from him as to his progress with the language.

Our sister, Miss Edith Howell has written most interesting letters of her journey to her station. We commend her to the prayers of the Lord's people.

SPECIAL MATTERS FOR PRAYER FOR OCTOBER—

Pray definitely that a berth may be secured for our brother, Mr. G. A. Rainey permitting him to go to his work in China. Matters entirely out of his control caused him to lose the August boat and difficulty is being met with regarding future sailings.

Pray for our brother and sister Mr. and Mrs. Rowland H. C. Hill who hope to sail D. V. October 20th for India.

Pray for our sister Mrs. A. C. Moore who accompanied by Mr. Moore owing to ill health was forced by doctor's orders to go for some months to the Barbados. They are keenly anxious to get back to their work in British Guiana as they are so badly needed owing to the absence of Mr. Nichols.

Pray for our brother Mr. Lamb recently left for Venezuela, that he may be helped in the language.

Pray for our brother and sister Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson who

are exercised about the erection of a gospel hall where they are working. The one they have been using has been condemned and a new one is essential.

Pray for our sister Miss J. Dorling who has left the school for England en route for India.

THANKSGIVING—

For great blessing on the convention held in Digne, France, where our brother Mr. J. C. Wilson is working. Ten professed conversion, three of them the children of brother Wilson.

For blessing on the work in Nassau. Mr. Thos. Busby working with the Bertrams reports a number of conversions there.

For definite blessing on the convention for Christians, held by our brother Gibbs in Natal. Over twenty young people accepted Christ.

“BE STRONG!”

“We are not here to play, to dream to drift!
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle—face it, 'tis God's gift.”

“BE STRONG!”

“Say not the days are evil,—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O! Shame;
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name!”

“BE STRONG!”

“It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes,—the day how long,—
Faint not! Fight on! To-morrow comes the song!”

—*Selected.*

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.
(1 John 5:4.)

RICHARD HILL,
393 Third Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.